

The Omen

Vol 47 Issue 5

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Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu, or Chloe's mailbox (0369)

Policy

The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish.

Your submission must include the name you use around campus: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill in the company of a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, or on the door of your mod.

THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAIKU:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

EDITORIAL

Chloe Anne Omelchuck

At 3 am on the day after election day, I was awakened by the sound of the fire alarm going off in Dakin. I had spent the day trying to figure out how to fund the color issue of the Omen, going to class, going swimming. All I wanted was to go back to sleep as I walked outside with my hallmates. And, as I was standing there, half asleep, swaying a little bit on my feet, a voice yelled out "I am an undocumented immigrant!" and proceeded to drop a bombshell: that Donald Trump was officially the President-elect of the United States of America. As the news sunk in, I swayed on my feet, partially from tiredness, and partially from the numbness. As my mind struggled to make sense of this news I resisted thinking about the implications, struggled to keep my brain half-asleep while the pit of my stomach clenched in dread.

The truth of the words that were being yelled into the cold night air slowly sunk in: our country had elected an angry white man who hated women, immigrants, people of color, the poor, and was incapable of truly caring about anything except himself. And through it all, perhaps to cut through the vague anger that was welling up at what had happened, and partially due to my continued irritation that I wasn't asleep, that I couldn't have waited a little longer to hear this soul-crushing news, I had the thought; are we really going to do this now? Are we really going to stand outside at 3 am and yell our anger and our opinions out for general debate? As other voices joined the mix and told us to stick together and to not blame each other for what had happened and to fuck Donald Trump, I continued to think that. Are we really going to do this now? But as the voices fell silent, as I heard those who had been speaking break down in tears or continue to discuss how to cope, how to move on with life, I thought, why not now? Why not think about this at 3 am on a bitterly cold night? I started to think about what it might mean, started to think about how my family back home might be feeling, and I almost started to cry.

What will we do? In the midst of my swirling thoughts I remembered a small and unofficial joke that most Portlanders share- that Portland is something of a separate nation from the rest of the country. I thought that suddenly it didn't seem like such a joke anymore. That they really should just secede from the United States and dispense with this Trump business altogether. And then I thought of something that made me more angry than anything else.

My family there is white, my friends there are white, in fact, the majority of the people who live in Portland are white. And they will be angry, because they are liberal and they either voted for Clinton, one of the third party candidates, or not at all. And they will be angry because they hate everything that Trump stands for, but for the majority of them life will go back to normal. They live in liberal Portland. The city will take care of them. They won't be affected. But what about those who don't live there? What about the people don't have the advantage of living in a part of the country where city or state laws might offer some level of protection, who have nowhere to hide because they are not white and not documented? What about the people who don't fit? What about them?

And as I began to consider truly how little some people in this country really understand what it means to be part of that minority, and how little that understanding has to do with any political affiliation, I thought about the people who voted for him. I thought about the people who voted for Donald Trump. I realized they might never know what they'd done. Those white people who will never be affected by Trump's racism, sexism and xenophobia, however they may make their way into our nation's policies in the future. They will see our country suffer during his term and never understand that it's because half the people in this nation are being oppressed by him, by our government. They will never know what they've done. And that simple injustice is what sticks with me. Not that they don't care, not that they don't understand, but that they will never know what it means to be oppressed. So why not now? Why not a fire alarm at 3 am which rouses us all from our stupor, takes us out in the cold, and forces us to confront our demons? It seems like a kind of perfect, twisted metaphor for what's

Section Speak

Back in 2008,
when I was
in a strange
C-Span phase
of my life, I
discovered the
song, "Happy
Days are Here
Again" – FDR's
campaign song
in 1932. Each
time Obama
got elected,
I played the
song on my
computer. This
year, however,
I didn't have
a victory song
to listen to or
croon along
to. Perhaps this
would be more
appropriate:

Crappy days are here again
The skies above aren't clear again
Let us sing a song of fear again
Crappy days are here again
Altogether shout it now!
There's no one who can doubt it now
So let's tell the world about it now
Crappy days are here again
Your cares and troubles shall spawn;
There'll be far more from now on

Crappy days are here again
The skies above are grey again
So let us sing a song of crappy ways again
Crappy crappy crappy days are here again

Wait a second don't despair
We can fight it if we care
Trump may have his crazy ways
But people can radiate their own rays
Of hope, sunlight, and happy days
Just join the N.A.E.!

This song was brought
to you by the Network
for an Alternative
Economy, an informal
group that seeks to
work with Amherst and
Northampton to create
worker co-ops. For more
information, look us up
on Facebook.

submitted by Simon Fields

Section Meta-Commentary

Nice to meet you, where you been?
I could show you incredible things
Magic, madness, heaven, sin
Saw you there and I thought
Oh my God, look at that face
You look like my next mistake
Love's a game, wanna play?

New money, suit and tie
I can read you like a magazine
Ain't it funny, rumors fly
And I know you heard about me
So hey, let's be friends
I'm dying to see how this one ends
Grab your passport and my hand
I can make the bad guys good for a weekend

So it's gonna be forever
Or it's gonna go down in flames
You can tell me when it's over
If the high was worth the pain
Got a long list of ex-lovers
They'll tell you I'm insane
'Cause you know I love the players
And you love the game

'Cause we're young and we're reckless
We'll take this way too far
It'll leave you breathless
Or with a nasty scar
Got a long list of ex-lovers
They'll tell you I'm insane
But I've got a blank space, baby
And I'll write your name

Cherry lips, crystal skies
I could show you incredible things
Stolen kisses, pretty lies
You're the King, baby, I'm your Queen
Find out what you want
Be that girl for a month
Wait, the worst is yet to come, oh no

Screaming, crying, perfect storms
I can make all the tables turn
Rose garden filled with thorns
Keep you second guessing like

"Oh my God, who is she?"
I get drunk on jealousy
But you'll come back each time you leave
'Cause, darling, I'm a nightmare dressed like a
daydream

So it's gonna be forever
Or it's gonna go down in flames
You can tell me when it's over
If the high was worth the pain
Got a long list of ex-lovers
They'll tell you I'm insane
'Cause you know I love the players
And you love the game

'Cause we're young and we're reckless
We'll take this way too far
It'll leave you breathless
Or with a nasty scar
Got a long list of ex-lovers
They'll tell you I'm insane
But I've got a blank space, baby
And I'll write your name

Boys only want love if it's torture
Don't say I didn't say, I didn't warn ya
Boys only want love if it's torture
Don't say I didn't say, I didn't warn ya

So it's gonna be forever
Or it's gonna go down in flames
You can tell me when it's over
If the high was worth the pain
Got a long list of ex-lovers
They'll tell you I'm insane
'Cause you know I love the players
And you love the game

'Cause we're young and we're reckless
We'll take this way too far
It'll leave you breathless
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Got a long list of ex-lovers
They'll tell you I'm insane
But I've got a blank space, baby
And I'll write your name

submitted by Rowan Lupton

SECTION LIES

submitted by Owen Nied v



Sweeties



OWEN NEID?
MORE LIKE
OMEN NEID!



submitted by Owen
Nied ^>

not submitted by
Owen Nied v





^ Mike Dirnt

^ Tré Cool

^ Billie Joe Armstrong

ponies as Green Day,
Alex's cat as Green
Day, and Alex as
Green Day submitted
by Alex de Strulle
Omen sheep as Green
Day not submitted by
Alex de Strulle



The night was dark, as if a shadow of memory had been yanked away quickly, leaving only a void of blackness. There were no stars, nor moon, or even the reflections of clouds. A man wearing a red cape was descending from the darkness above. I observed his arrival to be ominous, not because of his appearance, or the setting, but because he was alone.

"I thought the others were coming," I said as soon as I judged he was within earshot. He sighed.

"Pestilence and Hunger both said they were busy, they couldn't come."

"Workaholics," I muttered to myself. I didn't really understand the other two horsemen's desire to work. I was bored, we had been promised the apocalypse. Not even the second world war had been very interesting. At least, to me. War had raved about it for decades.

"Did you have any particular plan?" War asked, propping his boots up on a nearby stump. The darkness seemed to be fading somewhat. Was dawn so near?

"Me?" I asked, baffled. "I just came because I was promised an apocalypse. I need something to work with."

War snorted. "There are trees, aren't there? Kill them, if you're so bored."

I rolled my eyes. War had a strange sense of entertainment. It wasn't simply death I was after, but the means by which it evolved to its climax of destruction. I had grand plans for this apocalypse. Chocolate for starters. And cloaks. Maybe some reindeer. Possibly fiery snow. It's a work in progress.

"Ey!" came an echoing, booming shout. "Heard you were gettin' a little apocalypsey without us, eh?" Envy, dressed in a hideously green three-piece suit and festooned with glittering jewelry, casually strolling out of one of the few remaining trees.

"We would obviously do a much better job than you four--or no, just two, isn't it now--would be able to." Pride smirked, following Envy. Envy glared at her and sniffed. As I watched, the other five--Wrath, Lust, Gluttony, Greed, and Sloth--arrived on the scene. War tensed excitedly.

"So it's a fight you want," he snarled, grinning from ear to ear. (Literally?)

Frog Man

The green-green frog leaped from the rock to the stone, gracefully sailing over the pebble. He felt quite proud of his accomplishment. Flicking his tongue in the air, he caught a small dragonfly- salty. A nice reward for his accomplishment. He hopped to the left, towards the green-green bush with the magical book inside. He hopped onto its open pages, as the paper curled up and pulled him back into the book. It flopped closed and remained tightly shut for the rest of the day, vibrating slightly. As night arrived, a glow could be seen from under the bush, which

got brighter and brighter.

A very unfortunate girl was out early in the pebble-marsh. She was looking for seaweed, though no one had bothered to tell her that seaweed grows only where there is salt. This particular marsh used to be salty, but the dragonflies had ate it all, and the frogs ate all the dragonflies. The girl saw a very wide hole in the ground. She curiously peeked inside, then screamed and fell backwards, for there was an enormous man inside, with green skin and glowing yellow eyes. He sat atop a massive pile of salt crystals, and licking them casually. The man muttered in a deep voice,

"My accomplishment."

"What?" she squeaked, sure there was a better way to respond to such a statement, but thought that the circumstances gave her some leeway. She peered back over the edge, only to find that the man had stood up, making his yellow eyes a mere few feet from her own. She screamed and fell back again. The last thing she heard was the man yell,

"Wait, don't fall into the book!" Before there was a bright flash of light and the swamp vanished.

The girl blinked, hoping that she would see something more useful. She blinked again, but continued to see nothing more than blank whiteness. She looked down, but couldn't see what surface she was standing on.

"Now I'm all alone." A disembodied voice grumbled.

"Hello?" The girl said, or rather, she tried to say. No sound came out of her mouth. "Hello?" she tried again. Silence. "Please, I want to speak. Flabbergast. Whippersnapper." But the girl remained silent.

"Ribbit." The disembodied voice observed.

"Can you hear me?" The girl tried to say.

"No," the voice replied. "I just have a strange craving for salt. I'm actually a frog."

"That explains a few things," the girl observed silently. "Except for one little detail. Why can't I speak, and where am I? Also, can I go back to the swamp please?"

The whiteness turned black, and her ears popped.

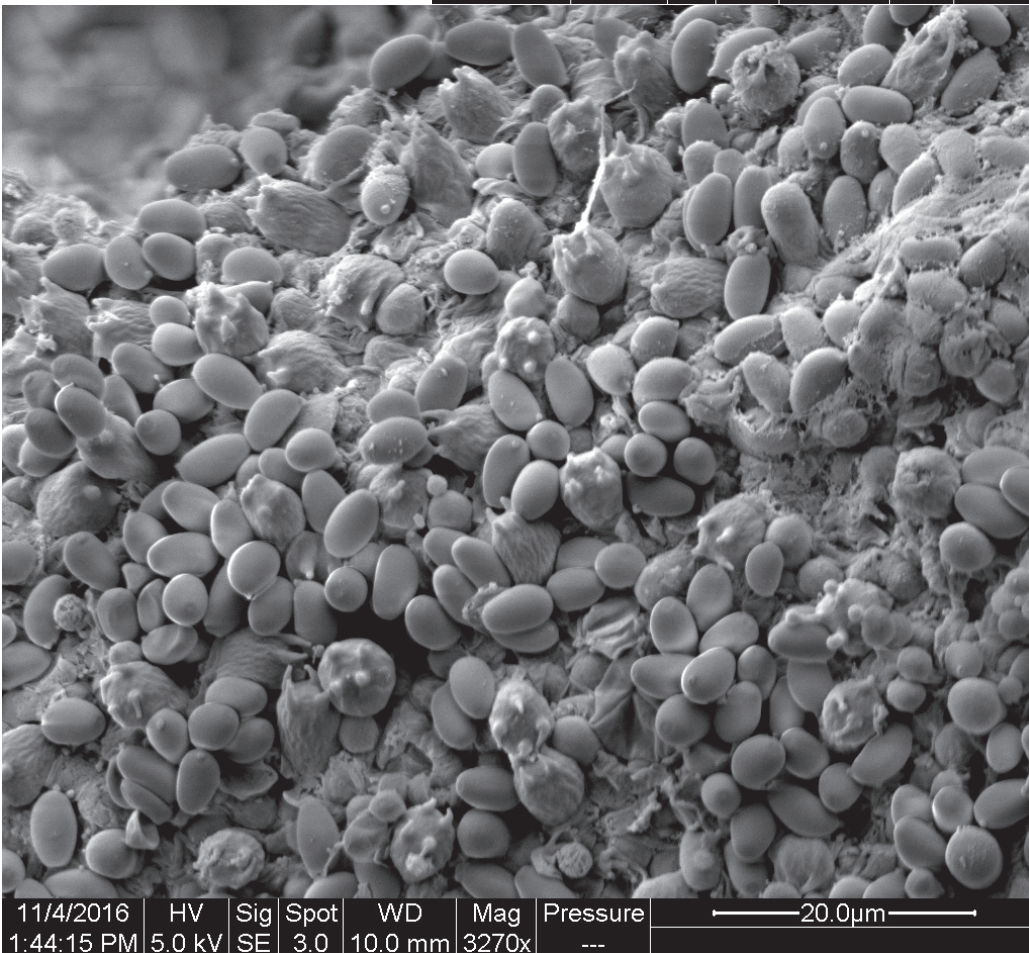
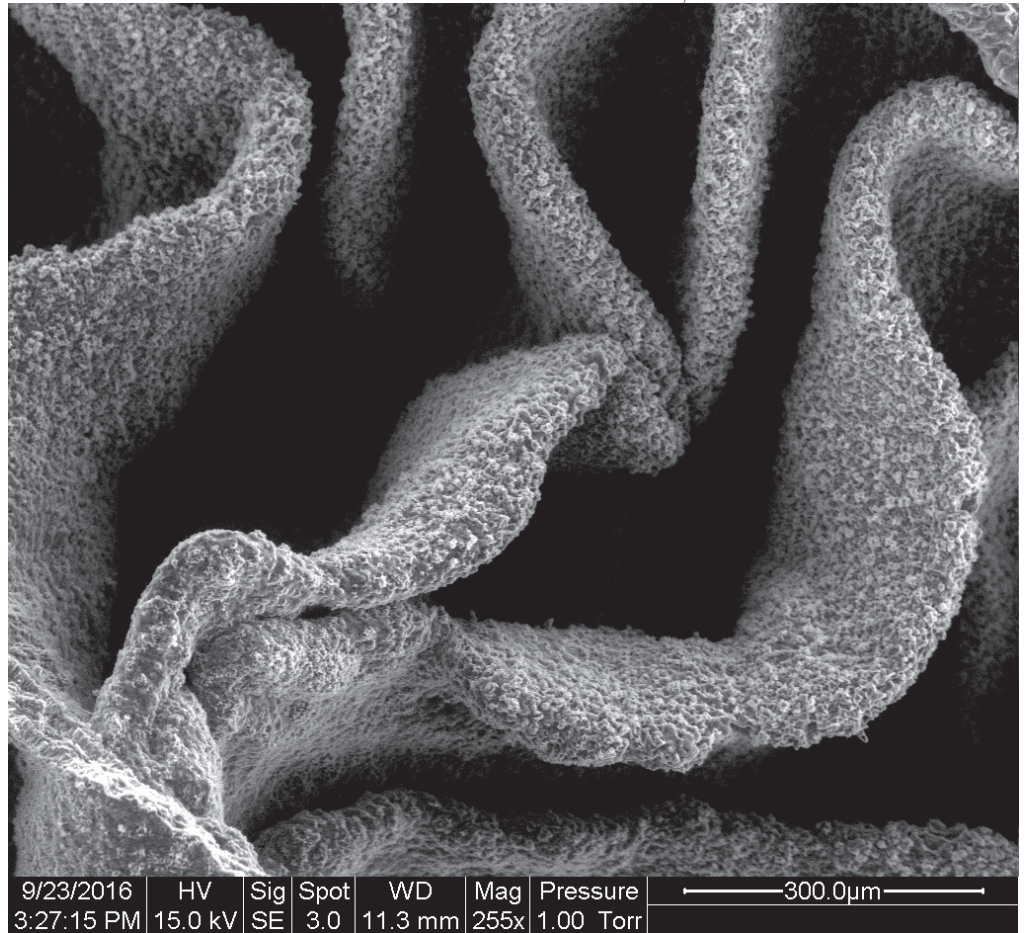
"Well, that worked," the frog observed. The girl stared blankly down at him.

"You can speak!" She exclaimed.

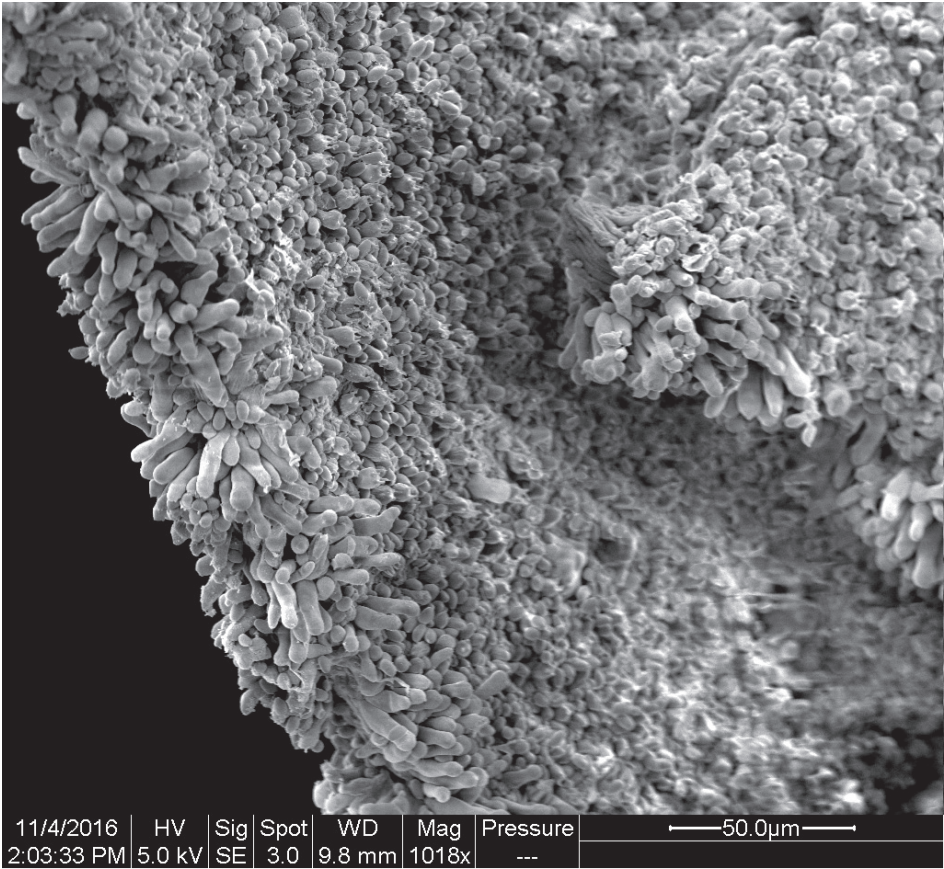
"Yes," he agreed. "Also, you're freed from the magical book, and I'm no longer a man. Whatever would we do without salt?" Then the frog hopped away, and the girl decided not to eat any more hallucinogenic mushrooms.

both stories submitted by Chloe Omelchuk

Chloe Omelchuk

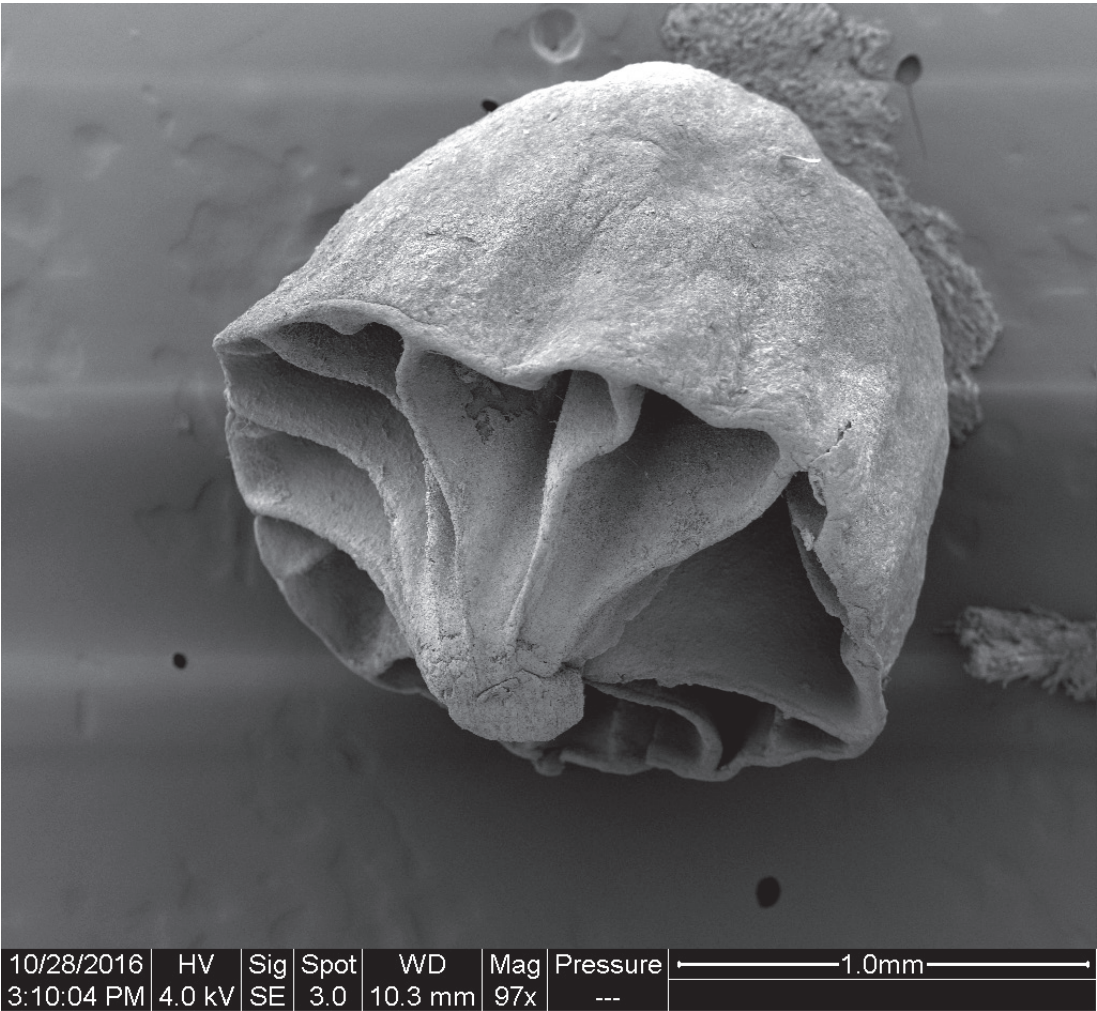


CHLOE
OMELCHUK



Chloe
Omelchuk

Chloe
Omelchuk



SECTION

Professor Moriarty and the Golden Jubilee, Part 2

London, 1905

By Simon Fields

My dear Professor Moriarty,

Well, I always had a feeling that you didn't really die at Reichenbach Falls, and now, presuming that you aren't an imposter, I have some confirmation of this. I never thought that our next contest would take place in literary installments and book reviews. Speaking of installments, I have read the first installment of your memoirs, and I might add that I read it with a great deal of bemusement. Having investigated these events quite thoroughly, I think it is fair to say that I did see the "big picture" which you condescendingly referred to -- though admittedly not as quickly as I would have preferred. Moreover, your narrative is already riddled with erroneous statements. For instance, while it is true that I did speak to you at the train station on January 26th, 1885 and that you were taking the Bristol Line, it is simply inconceivable that you were already on a journey to Mexico City. At that time you probably hadn't even heard of General Millen who was still working for a strongman in Guatemala, by the name of Barrios, who saw himself as the next Bolivar; the fellow wanted to create a United States of Central America. This ambitious plan was an excellent way to start a two front war.

If my deductions are correct, and they do tend to be, the January 26th Bristol train led you to a ship bound for your estate in County Cork, Ireland. It was there that you encountered the Land League and the unrest which it spread amongst your tenants. This experience hardened your opposition to Parnell, who aligned himself with the Land League -- an alliance that made you determined to destroy him. In March, a friend of yours in the Home Office told you of General Millen; publically a warrior for republican causes, and secretly an Ex-British Agent. By then the war in Guatemala was going badly, and you dispatched Colonel Moran to watch General Millen. When he cabled you in April about the General's plan to leave Guatemala, you caught the earliest train to Bristol, and promptly boarded a ship bound for Veracruz. Once you arrived in Mexico City on April 21st, 1885, you didn't chance upon Millen in a Gaol or demand his extradition to England. Colonel Moran had told you where to meet Millen. When you first told Millen of your plan, he declined to get involved, but after two days of negotiating an additional salary to the one which would be provided by Her Majesty's Government, Millen relented. He appeared at a Ball in the British Consulate in Mexico City on April 23rd, wearing fine attire including a sash and sword, and announced his intention to resume work as a British Agent. You did not wire Jenkinson about Agent X, somebody in the consulate performed that task. I believe this brings your tale up to date.

*Yours Sincerely,
Sherlock Holmes*

Yes, Mr. Holmes' humiliating open letter to me published in the *London Times* certainly does bring things up to date. How he obtained and retained this information is beyond me, but I've checked my (elaborately coded) diary entries and apparently it's all true. I'm an old knave, you see, and a combination of age, fading memory about twenty year old events, and a remarkable capacity to believe my own lies led me to write the confusing travesty which you read in the first installment. I can only say that I'm glad there's a healthy balance of trust and distrust between reader and writer. You can distrust me enough to know that

I'm a byzantine criminal and a pathological liar, but you can trust me enough to know that I am capable of correcting the record. Moreover, from here on out I'll be relying on information from my own diary entries.

Hang on a tick, there is one *element* of Holmes's account which I still doubt, which is that he saw the big picture, in it's magnificent entirety. I'll wager that by the end of this second and final installment, Holmes will see the errors in his deductions and in his ways... I hope he's enjoying his retirement as a beekeeper; maybe he gets stung for meddling in those bloody hives.

Regarding the whole Gaol sequence, well I imagined it because I thought it would be entertaining, and because I thought that it conveyed larger truths about General Millen's character. But by only portraying a desperate roguish mercenary, I forgot to show you the fellow's gentlemanly side. The unvarnished truth is that Millen was quite well dressed when I met up with him in Mexico City, and he was even better put together when he entered the British Consular Ball. We do have a few things in common, Millen and I. Perhaps the main difference betwixt us is that the General claims to have principles.

Other blaggards who seemed quite principled included Charles Stuart Parnell and his new ally, our foolish weak kneed (former!) Prime Minister. Well I confess I was glad to see Gladstone go. I cheered when the old fool left Number 10, but I failed to foresee the direct impact this would have on the Home Office. My dear friend Edward Jenkinson was in charge of the Home Office (which controlled the police), but he was summarily dismissed by Lord Salisbury who feared that he was too close to the Liberals. Salisbury had a point by gad – Jenkinson was so afraid of the dynamiters that he would have readily granted them Home Rule and on a silver platter to boot. But I could forgive him for those misguided views because the fellow was brilliant at plotting, creating chaos in the Clan na Gael, and playing all sorts of elaborate games with Peelers, Plainclothesmen and Spies which were quite admirable in their own elegantly pointless way. Not to mention that my completely respectable network assisted with these games, and that the new fellow in charge of the Home Office, Robert Anderson had a powerful subordinate in Scotland Yard, a silly choir boy by the name of James Monroe who was not fond of fake plots, slush funds, and the like. Blast him.

Well, I am a tired old man, and I really cannot get into all of the twists and turns which this plot took from 1886 to June 1887. Suffice it to say that it wasn't all about Ireland. Clever fellow though he was, Sherlock never understood this, but Russia very nearly went to blows with Britain in an attempt to weaken our hold on India. The War Party in Russia was quite embarrassed when we revealed that the Indian Prince pressing for Russian intervention (the Maharajah Duleep Singh, who had given up power in the critical buffer region of the Punjab decades earlier in exchange for a British Pension, but who grew bored of life on a British country estate) was being supported by Patrick Cassidy, and that Cassidy was involved in a plot to assassinate Queen Victoria. This put a stop to the madness. The Russian Bear decided to stop beating war drums and to begin drinking in honey from the Urals. Or some other freezing lands in Russia. Come to think of it, I don't know where the Russians get their honey. You see, the Tsar and the Queen may have been at odds about power in Central Asia and the Balkans, but neither of them was fond of assassinating fellow royals. Hit a bit too close to home, you see.

In June 1887, General Millen was living the high life near the French Coast, in a Boulogne hotel. Silly Peelers from London were spying on him as he pretended to be orchestrating a dynamite plot, and they also found themselves spying on other British Agents. The whole situation was a comic farce, and I laughed a great deal as fellows in my own network reported back to me about the situation. James Monroe insisted on informing the French Government, which assisted in surveilling Millen starting on June 17th, four days before the Queen's Golden Jubilee Ceremony in Westminster Abbey.

I had more respect for my adversary, Holmes, who knew that the real danger to the Queen's life

was not in Boulogne. It was in New York City, and Holmes had been spending May and June finding and watching the dynamiters who were serious about blowing the Queen to smithereens. This was as per instructions from his brother Mycroft, who was a very high ranking official in the British Government, so we can't give all of the credit to Sherlock's intellect. After reading Sherlock's stinging book review, I begrudgingly wrote Holmes admitting the veracity of his letter to the *Times*, and I asked for an account about the events in Manhattan. I have yet to receive a reply. Suffice it to say that on a June day in 1887, three Clan na Gael fellows boarded a ship bound for Liverpool, carrying Russian revolvers. Not to mention the fact that sewn into their clothing (these people must have been mad, especially if they ever dared to smoke during their voyage) were a good 100 pounds of Atlas A dynamite. The names they gave didn't sound very Irish: Thomas Scott, Harry Scott, and Joseph Melville. Holmes and his fairly new sycophant Dr. Watson boarded the ship.

The existence of the dynamite plot was suspected in the Newspapers. One interview with an Irish dynamiter was particularly amusing: "'Were any practical steps resolved upon?' asked the reporter. 'Yes, oh, yes!' said Flannery. 'The dynamite movement is assuming dimensions that will bring upon it's side men who were formerly with us in everything except the particular plan of action...It has been felt by some that to levy war upon men, women and children in the streets of London was not to make war on England. The new movement will be....a unanimous movement against English national power...'

'Might we expect dynamite explosions in England on or about the date of Her Majesty's Jubilee?' Flannery refused to answer." The English certainly were a piece of work. They were just in the process of inventing words such as terrorism around this hectic time, (and their beloved Queen's life may have been in danger) but when their journalists interviewed terrorists, they posed their questions so politely that one imagines the interview occurred during teatime. *Yes indeed, might we expect dynamite explosions?*

My name is James Monro. I am the assistant commissioner at the Metropolitan police. I'm having a most vexing day. We recently learned that Irish contractors had been hired, a year ago, to fix the plumbing at Westminster. So we had our poor detectives and Peelers inspecting the water closets throughout Westminster Palace, and in the Abbey. It was an unbecoming job. I wanted my children to see their Sovereign celebrate her fiftieth year on the throne; I wanted them to watch the ceremony in Westminster Abbey. This would be Her Majesty's first time setting foot in Westminster Abbey since the time of her Coronation fifty years ago. The sight could help mold their eager young minds, and make them more devoted to building and maintaining an Empire that spans one fifth of the Globe, and justly rules over one quarter of the World's people. Over the last few days, we've been having our people watching other people in our employ in France. The queer thing is, that Agent X [F.F. Millen] may have met with Mr. Jenkinson in Boulogne, and Jenkinson was the previous Home Secretary. Something is afoot, in the shadows, and it may be even more sinister than what the newspapers think. Given all of the information at my disposal, I could not in good conscience allow my children to take their seats in Westminster Abbey. I also do not enjoy being at my post here, but it's all right. Anything for Queen and Country, stiff upper lip and all that. Blast! There could be a blast here and I'm prattling on about my stiff upper lip.

The Queen's open Landau carriage is going through the streets around now, escorted by colorful British and Indian cavalry. Tick tock, clip clop, tick clip tock clip. There are banners in the streets -- people from throughout the country and the Empire have been flooding into London to watch the proceedings. Tick tock, clip clop, tick clip tock clip. Fifty years on the throne. My word. And to think that her glorious reign could come to a thundering end here in the Abbey, as she and her Prime Minister and various Nobles and European Crown Princes go up in smoke. Tick tock, clip clop. Tick clip tock clip. What am I to do? I don't want to cause panic. I can't let the explosion happen.

Good god, she's arriving now. She is reaching the chair of Edward the Confessor. I didn't see her when she was crowned five decades ago, but now I can see her sit where she was crowned. Tick tock. I can't cause any panic. Panic could be devastating. I didn't even notice the beads of sweat accumulating over me brow, until now, now that it seems ready to pour down my face. The choir is singing Handel's Hallelujah, which was apparently also sung at the Queen's Coronation, and I resolve to do nothing and pray for the best.

"Hallelujah!" Tick tock. "Hallelujah!" Tick tock. Tick tock, tick tock, tick tock.

Tick tock, tick tock. The Grandfather clock in Mycroft Holmes's private room in the Diogenes Club is ticking along, breaking a tense pause in a very strange meeting. Present at this meeting are four gentlemen: Sherlock Holmes, his loyal stooge Dr. Watson, his highly placed brother Mycroft, and yours truly. If you must know, "your's truly" is supposed to refer to one Professor James Moriarty. It was October, 1888.

"Sherlock, I've forgotten, what was the precise date the Dynamiters in New York left for Liverpool?"

"June 11th," Sherlock replied. Tick tock. Tick tock.

Tick tock, tick tock. It's June 21st, 1887, the day of my -- excuse me, Our Golden Jubilee. We're sitting on Edward the Confessor's Chair. We are a tad nervous about reports of Dynamiters, but we've been assured that every possible precaution has been taken.

"Hallelujah!" The choir is almost as majestic as the chair where Edward the Confessor once sat. And to think that it has been fifty years since I ascended to the throne. What would Albert say? Someday I'll be reunited with my beloved Albert, but at the moment I must serve my subjects. Tick tock, tick tock.

Tick tock, tick tock. The Grandfather clock is nearly as tiresome as Sherlock, who thinks that he's finally pieced this puzzle together. Blast him.

"They were not able to board an earlier ship; the ship they were planning to board. Why was that?"

"Elementary my dear Mycroft," Sherlock said, before freezing in his brother's glare. Even Sherlock Holmes was well aware that Mycroft had a superior intellect to his own -- the impudent genius even had enough humility to relate this reality to Dr. Watson. "Well, er," isn't it odd that Holmes isn't caught saying "er" in Dr. Watson's accounts? Selective editing if you ask me... "Well, there wasn't enough room aboard the ship." Tick tock. Tock Tick.

Tick, tock. The Abbey is splendid in its pomp, and anxious in its circumstance. The choir had just blared out it's last, "Hallelujah!" Tick. And then it grew very reverent and solemn as it sang, "God Save our Gracious Queen! Long Live our noble Queen. God save the Queen. Send her victorious, happy and glorious, Long to reign o'er us..."

Tock.

"God save the Queen."

Bong! Clong! Bong! The grandfather clock has struck three past noon. "And when did the dynamiters arrive in Liverpool?" Mycroft asks, knowing the answer. Blast him -- well, perhaps that isn't appropriate in this context.

Our Sovereign sits serenely on her throne. A face of calm, the countenance of a woman who has faced a dozen assassination attempts in her long reign. Or is that merely a mask? Well, whatever it is, I wish I could be one fifth as calm as Her Majesty. As it stands, as Assistant Commissioner, I probably know too much about what may happen. Tick.

Tock. “Oh Mycroft, surely you must remember?” I interject, keen to steal Sherlock’s grand moment. “It was, after all, a most memorable and festive day.”

“Yes I remember,” Mycroft growled, half irritated at me, and half amused at the date in question. “June 21st.”

“Summer Solstice,” says I, gleefully.

“Yes, and the day of the Jubilee. It was already too late for them to carry out their outrages in Westminster Abbey,” Sherlock said, although he looked less pleased with himself and with the situation than one might expect.

“Holmes and I helped the local authorities apprehend the bastards —” strange how Dr. Watson isn’t keen on quoting himself using such language— “over the coming days, to insure that they could never, ever, ever, ever commit outrages on any other occasions.”

“And over the last several months, I’ve been investigating the whole affair. Watson has been writing fanciful stories about what I was up to; well, most of them are fanciful. No, that isn’t even the right word; most of the stories have been downright fictional.”

“Holmes! Not only do you berate me about my stories in private; now you tell a highly placed official and a (cough) rival from the underworld --”

“How dare you! I’m a respectable gentleman sir! And an Agent of the Crown.” I confess my face was as red as the Irish Land League.

“And that brings us to the crux of the matter,” Holmes says, cool as you please. “You have been acting as an agent for Her Majesty’s Government, orchestrating a plot to kill the Queen, with some help from General Millen below you, and two Home Secretaries (Jenkinson and Anderson) above you. This plot may go all the way up to the Prime -- to the Marquess of Salisbury.” Holmes said this all fairly evenly, at a medium pitch and volume. Well, that was how he tried to say it. By the time he got to the word Prime, his voice was a little shaky, but he soon brought it under that superficial control of his as he corrected himself.

“Holmes! To accuse the Prime Minister! My word Holmes...” Watson bumbled.

“Sherlock, what *are* you talking about?” Mycroft exclaimed at around the same time. Mycroft was feigning concern at his brother’s sanity, but it was not an entirely convincing act. I was so startled that I didn’t know what to say.

“Mycroft, you know precisely what I’m talking about. Jenkinson told you about his imaginary plot in 1885. He also, quite foolishly told Professor Moriarty while he personally intervened with the Lord Chief Justice to have the Professor acquitted of a minor crime. And Moriarty —”

“—that’s Professor Moriarty to you!” I wail, using my own indignation while I still could.

“You and Colonel Moran enlisted Milen, otherwise known as Agent X, to spy on the Clan na Gael, and other Fenians; to implicate them in a fake bombing plot.” “Starting in 1886, you received instructions from a Home Secretary who was less friendly to Home Rule, to use this plot to implicate the Parliamentary advocates of Home Rule, chiefly Parnell. An evasive artist of crime with the Government’s backing, you were able to pin orchestration of the plot on General Millen. In the meantime, the Fenians who you and Millen had spoken to in New York were itching to make this conveniently imaginary plot a reality. When the Government learned about this, it suddenly grew quite concerned for the Queen’s safety. It had played with Fenian

Fire, and suddenly you fellows realized what a nasty business Fenian Fire could be... Which is why you enlisted me,” Holmes was speaking to his brother now, “to put out the fire, and to stop the plot. Even as Millen posed as a saboteur in Boulogne, fooling people in Scotland Yard, you knew where I could find the real terrorists. In Manhattan. And to Manhattan Watson and I went. But before we left, I noticed that

damning letters allegedly written in Parnell's hand were being published in the *London Times*. A couple of months after Watson and I had helped northern constables find the dynamiters, more of these letters were coming out, letters which showed Parnell's approval of the murder of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1882. These letters, and others which were subsequently published, linked Parnell to the Clan na Gael, and when it was revealed, roughly a year ago, that the Clan na Gael had tried to dynamite the Queen, Parnell and the cause of Home Rule were ruined. He has demanded that a Select Parliamentary Committee be convened to investigate the charges against him."

“Holmes, if you go to that hearing, you’ll be meddling in things you oughtn’t meddle with.” Mycroft’s low growl sounded positively menacing, before emphatically adding, “These are State Secrets. They must remain State Secrets.”

“State Secrets! You people committed Treason against your own Queen!” Watson was besides himself by now.

“I don’t need to reveal any of those facts,” Holmes replied, “but I do think it my duty to exonerate Mr. Parnell. Especially since I know that the letters are all forgeries.”

“How *would* you know that?”

“I have my own curious ways of knowing these things.” Holmes was trying his best to avoid preparing us for the damning details in his testimony.

“Hang it all brother! You’re being a stubborn fool! If we lose Ireland, it’ll deal a blow to the morale of the Empire.”

“Mycroft, haven’t you ever suspected that our great grandparents (who we were named after) were secretly Irish? With names such as Sherlock and Mycroft? Holmes? I’m certain of it, and I know you disagree with me. Well even if you do, regardless of the political implications, these smears against Parnell are turning into a gross miscarriage of justice, and I’ll do everything I can to prevent it.” And then the detective and Dr. Watson abruptly stood up, storming out of the room, euphoric in their moral superiority, their self righteousness, and their inability to see the bigger picture. The morale of the Empire was at stake! The plot was used to prevent a War with Russia over India. Ireland would continue to be run by the people who ought to run things... Tick.

As it happens, Holmes didn't testify about the letters, and analyze all of the detailed problems with the facsimile. He merely managed to get the forger to confess to his crimes. And Parnell's name was cleared until a sex scandal erupted the next year. But one thing which never erupted (in Her Majesty's presence) was Fenian Dynamite. And thank God for that... Tock.



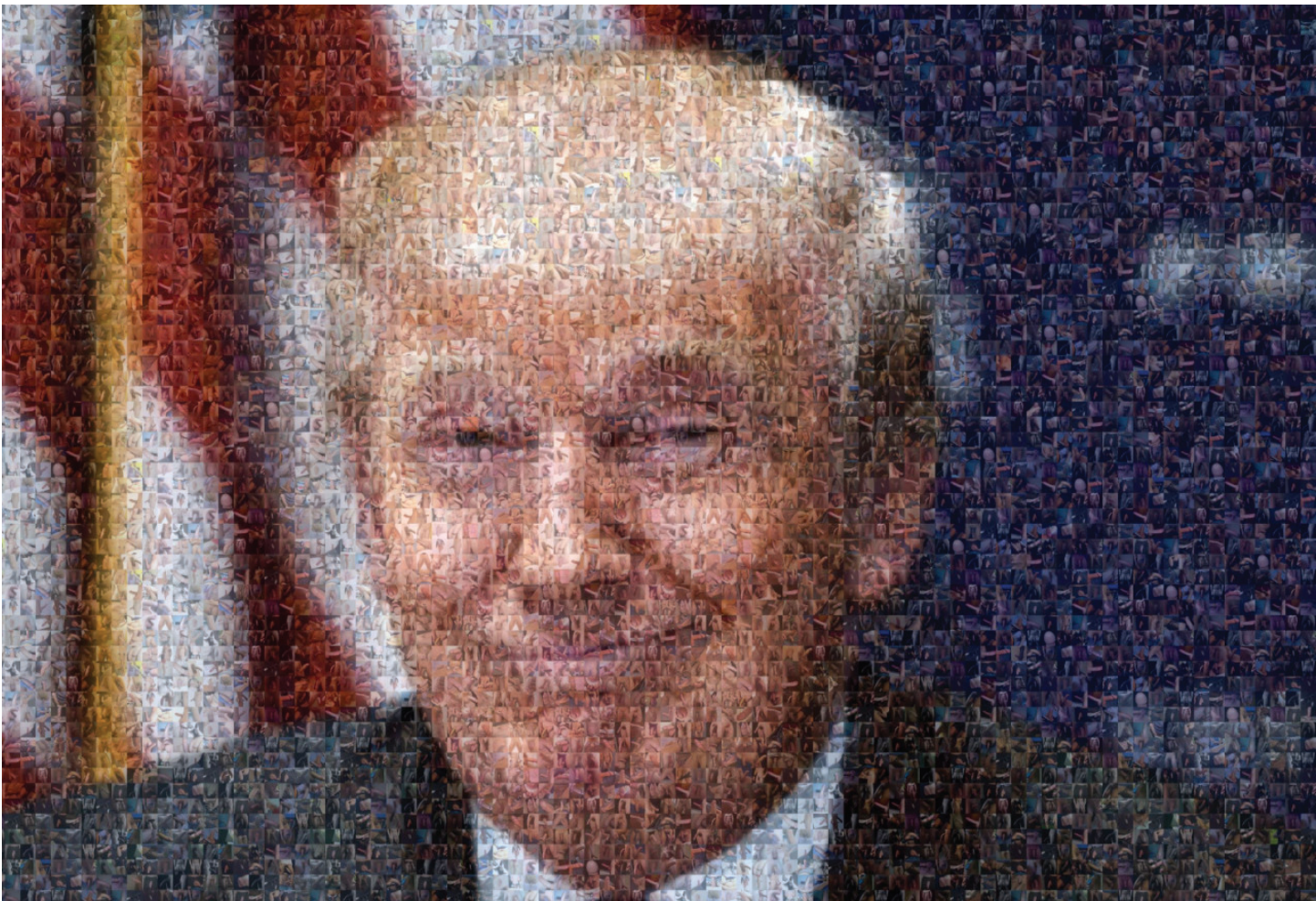


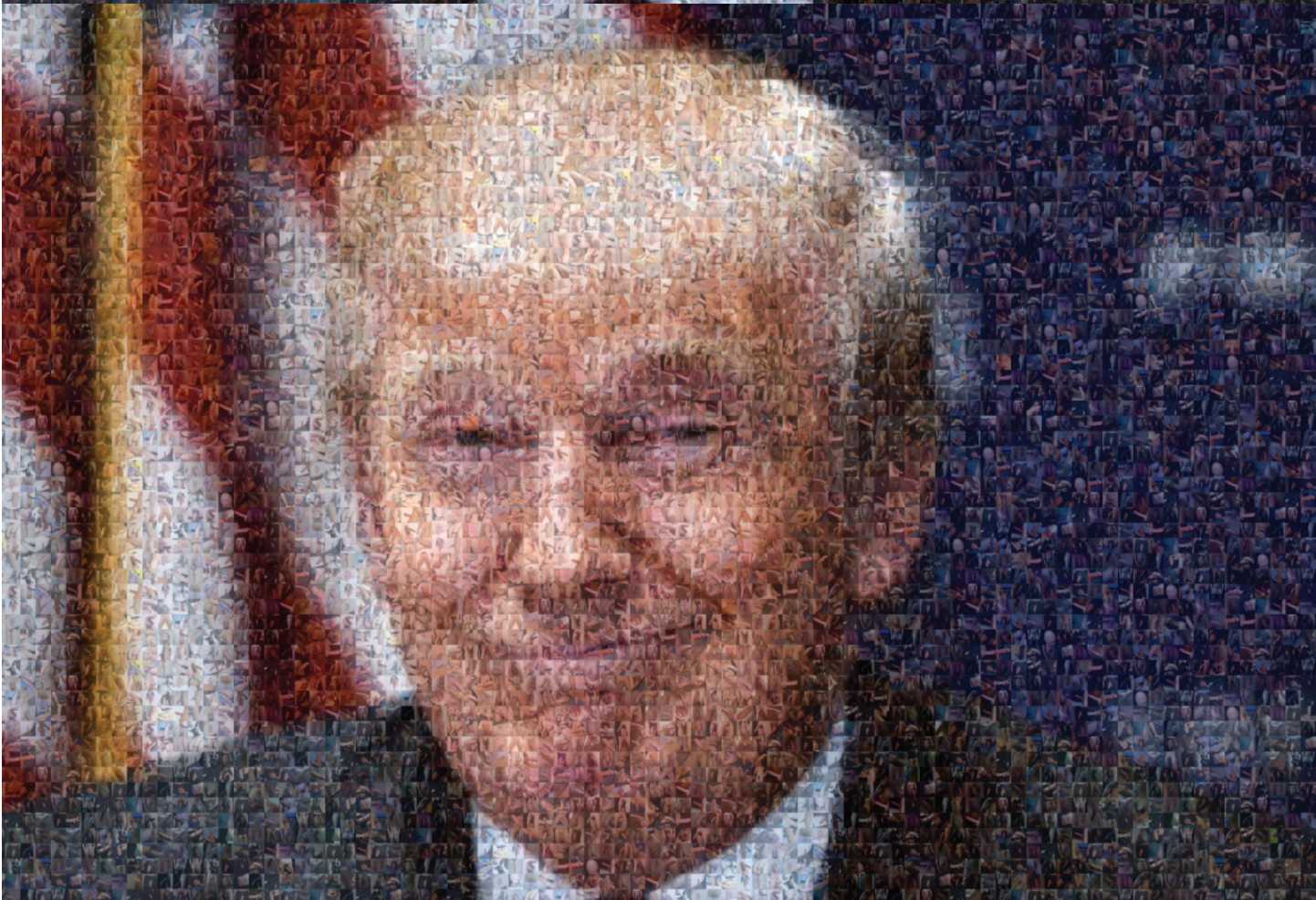
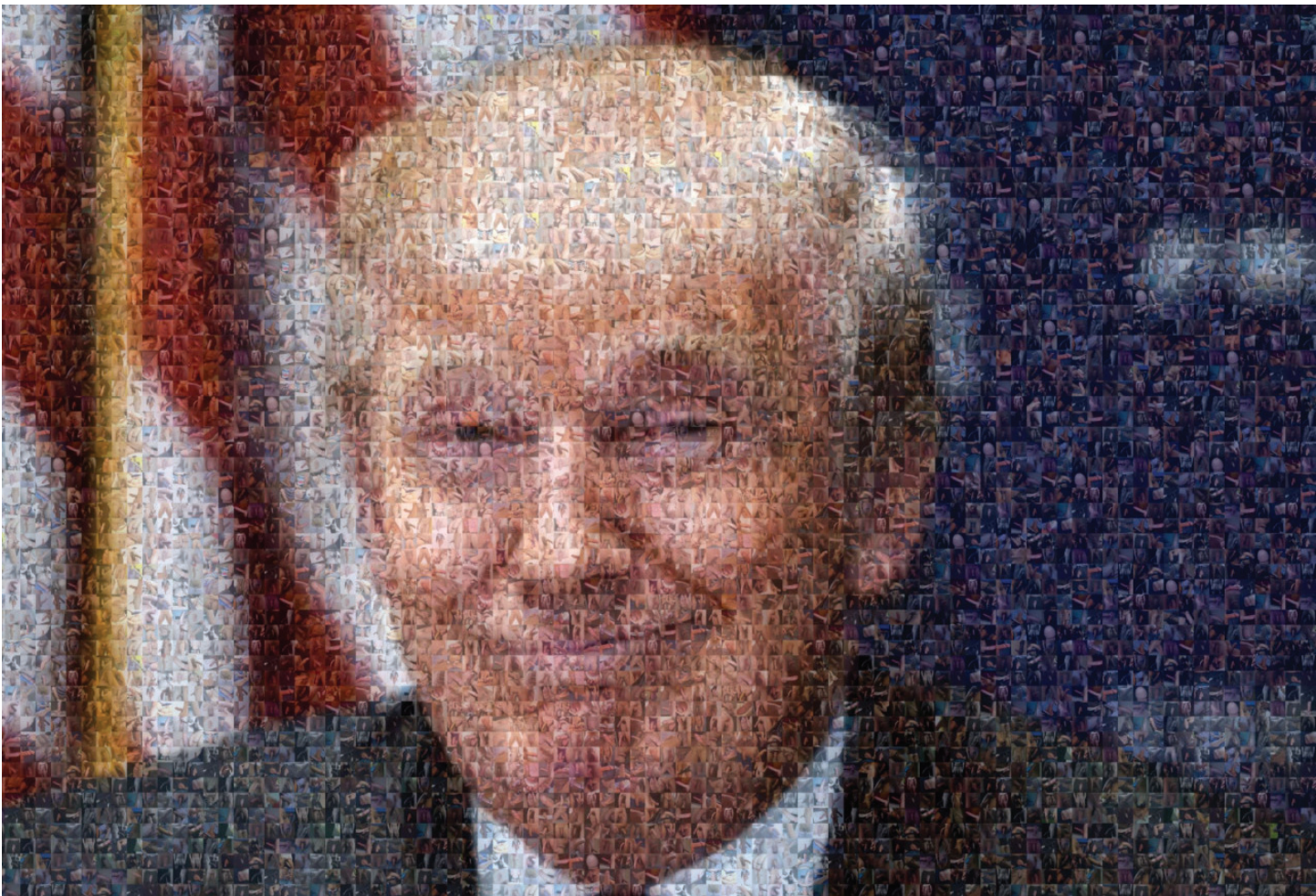
submitted (with no apologies) by Chloe Omelchuk

SECTION

HATE, FEAR, FASCISM

following submitted (with apologies for subject matter (and unoriginality (and repetition (and parentheses)))) by Rowan Lupton





SECTION

REGULAR HATE

1. Our section hate font cannot be found easily on the internet
2. Donald Trump's eye sockets are always whiter than the rest of his face (no matter what lighting he's in)
3. The name of our section hate font is aggressive angry baby killer
4. The omen office has as many old Omens lying around as mosquitoes
5. Mosquitoes is a deceptively difficult word to spell
6. I had a conversation with a squirrel today (and recorded it)
7. There are no windows in Cole that open except a window in Brian Shultz's room that they put in specially
8. The amount of furniture in the omen office
9. Flavor combinations in saga
10. Clones
11. Massachusetts pizza
12. The papers on the walls of the Omen office
13. When you feel like you have to sneeze but you don't
14. The age of the furniture in the omen office
15. Blank space in the Omen
16. Maddi's laugh
17. The capacity therapists have to cause their patients to need therapy

listicle submitted by Chloe Omelchuk, supported by the rest of your staff here at the Omen

18. Raccoons as pets



another sneak-peek of Jonathan Gardner's Div III



^submitted by Rowan Lupton



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Happy Dropboxing!, c/o Rowan Lupton
- The Dropbox Team

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/s/"George Bush"/"Donald Trump"
source Wikipedia user Infrogmation, from New Orleans Bywater neighborhood